In his book, 'Men Among the Penguins', he remarks that when he saw Edify, their bitch, running in front of some of his men, it should be noticed, and to put them in her with much more than they did at other times. He felt that the dog exhibited a feminine warmth otherwise lacking in their harsh surroundings.

Perhaps my own introspection works the same way for I decided to go for a walk before turning in this morning and I certainly ran more and faster than I planned to. It was still bitterly cold, but all during my trek to the unloading ramp I found it drifted up into snow, making it a tricky, slippery business to get down to the water level. The ice was frozen over with a greyish, slushy looking ice. I walked out a little ways, but did not trust it as it crumbled and regular. As I scrambled back up the ramp, I saw Naro running down the sled running loose. After the yellowballon, about Bootee, I felt that although the damage had probably taken place, it was best to try and catch him and secure him. It may do God's will, if the dog doesn't work for some reason, but I thought it strange he had not mentioned it.

Naro was not to be captured on this occasion, however. He kept circling the other dogs, stopping almost at cooking place. He usually attacked off him and if I came towards him he would run away.

I finally decided I would need help, but in the meantime I continued my walk. I looked over our water supply of lake and saw the charred circle of the windmill, the lake was frozen solid with ice a foot thick. To get water it is necessary to chop through the ice and select a chosen spot to unscrew the brass. I noticed in my searching that the areas of root and stagnant ice were still not frozen covered despite the conditions. Looking out.

This demonstrates that the snow is almost all drift.
to play it smart. I walked slowly down the line of dogs getting them each in turn. They all seemed to enjoy it and howled and barked to attract attention, too, and Pokey both were howling and seemed anxious for their turn. I petted Pokey and he didn't move. When I reached my hand to take he barked his struggle to receive it and I grabbed him.

April 7, 1957 Sunday

I had come down from the house first as the first rays of light were appearing in the southeast and was in my office writing up the IBM cards for the night's display when Fred Charleton and Bill Sillan just burst in on me. It was a quarter to five in the morning and I was surprised to see Fred up. I knew Bill had the night shift watch. Fred had gotten up to report a strange shaft of light over his home in the southwest-clear.

I had taken a look at it and decided it was a comet and came to me for corroboration and a plan of action.
April 7th - Monday

We had considerable luck with the ham radio making four contacts in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The quality was not quite good enough for ham radio phone patches but I enjoyed the conversations.

No one knew about the comet and later walking in little Arosco I discovered they hadn’t seen it either.

April 9th - Tuesday

Preparation underway to get D-4 to advance base. Trail markers put out and on Wednesday Dick, John D, on B-2, MacIntyre and Paul Noonan left for the base.

April 7th - Monday

Mr. Callan in the afternoon Carl and Jack arrived back at base after an abortive attempt to reach our advance base. The route is marked with bamboo poles every mile, but we were over 5 feet high and the bamboo had been split in half. We could not, as a result of this, get through. It was impossible to go from body to body without missing some of them.

By 6:30 Carl and Jack were still 40 miles from their destination and so decided to turn back. Tomorrow (4/8) will take us up to the cap and the trail will be properly marked.
The day was growing steadily shorter. Stairs are coming out when I wake at five and there is still appreciable twilight at breakfast time.

On Friday the night the gang returned from the advance. Each having net and barrels, they had collected all the way to the camp. On the way out when still 20 miles from camp.

... darkness came on and they left the 0-4 tractor where it was and pushed on up a level road intending to return the next day. The next morning the wreck would not start due to battery trouble and Jack and Robert walked the 20 miles to the tractor and successfully brought it into camp. Two wrecks had been taken originally and both broke down. Both had broken fan belts and one had battery trouble and the other damaged a belt. This raises the question of the usefulness and reliability of the wrecks as a vehicle to take on a long trip such as to the Cape. Pole sled has been projected.

April 14 Sunday

In reading "The 3rd Part of the Antarctic" by C.H. Shackleton I came across this sentence written by James Murray: 'Our animals [seals, whales, etc.?] were called "greedy, malicious and disgusting", I will get a log book out of repeating this..."
to Carl at dinner tomorrow night.

April 15 + 16  Monday, Tuesday

A blizzard has raged almost continuously for the last two days. Even when the wind lets off the snow keeps falling and there are moving drifts piling up in cold corners. Everything left outdoors is buried and even tractors and snowmobiles are packed up with snow.

Dick and Jil have been passing the time indoors discussing a trip through Africa if the ship that docks in up should return via Cape Town. Of course, although the chances are rather slim of things working out just the way you plan them it is almost fun to work out travel itineraries.

Carl speaking to Lawrence Paul on the ham radio told him about our proposed trip to the south pole. Would surprised everyone by taking the matter very seriously and saying he would give the matter some thought and see what could be done.

Tonight while I in Bradford was taking a shower Pat swung the bathrobe. He left Pat with only a towel to keep him warm of the cold draughts from the head of the barrack. Dave Daniel managed to take his shower and get to bed warm by hiding his bathrobe inside the dryed.

April 17  Wednesday

John's hair was the major topic of conversation at dinner tonight. Poor, good-natured John got it from all sides tonight. Even though this had hit him bumped it by the morning it hardly looks it. Carl suggested that we take a vote if we voted John should get a haircut he would have to get me in three days to be subjected to a similar treatment.

"You know John what a seminar is. That's an Indian with half an ear" John said. This rather seriously protecting he didn't care how many votes he took he wanted getting it
Haircut. Pretty soon John was arising in to clip him and perhaps his challenge may be accepted. Little schemes start an Alaying.

The clippers and a pile of hair about his bed so that when he wakes up it will think he has been shaved. Have been suggested.

The navy has clamped down on mail communications between base scientists in the same year, maintaining that telegraphing or the equipment violates the spirit or purpose for which the year was provided. Since the little office of science is the free interchange of ideas between colleagues, the J6X scientific program has been hit with a rather severe blow. Carl and the rest of us are up in arms about this. Carl sent off a strongly worded message to Littl America protesting it may be that the navy will soon be able to establish a voice net using non-ham equipment for scientific use.

The navy also has to censor outgoing news releases. It is now necessary to get Loris permission before giving out news for publication over the ham radio. These effects.

mostly Carl and he is furious. He maintains and rightly so that the policy on news was settled long ago in Washington and that the J6X has jurisdiction over news releases not the navy the story in J6X expedition.

After the movie strips were visible for a short time through fast clumps of clouds obscured the faint ones. A Three quarter moon illuminated ice crystals in the air.

And a distinct halo formed about the moon. The prevailing blizzard winds and snow seemed to have finally passed, but you can never trust the antarctic.

By midnight it was overcast and snow was falling. After looking some more clumps and systems for dinner, I returned to the Science building to bring my log up to date and do assorted clerical work. Before closing up for the night I read a chapter from the Journals of Scotts Last Expedition.

And at about 6:30 went out for the barracks.

I was taken completely by surprise, instead of gently falling snow a stinging rain of cold
granular particles hit me in the face as I opened the door to the science building. I was not wearing my special clothing and in the few feet between buildings I got plastered with snow. The sides of my face to windward became encrusted with ice in seconds and began to sting. The door to the barracks vestibule was quite blown up, but I managed to squeeze through after opening it a crack. The gusts of wind up to 60 knots, greater than hurricane force, blew streaks of snow through the crack into the vestibule before I could recover and shut the door properly. As I leaned within the vestibule, I can feel the building shake under the impact of the wind and I can hear the swirling of the snow crystals as they hit the walls, against and alongside the building walls. I wonder how the cardboard box will withstand the storm?

April 18 Thursday

The wind reached a velocity of 96 mph well over hurricane velocity. Truly, Narragansett Bay was right when he called the area "the home of the Blizzard." Our camp is now so drenched with snow that you can walk over snow on our accents. The wind blew all day slacking off towards evening. After the movie "Mr. Potter Near the Moscow" which incidentally added the phrase "Up the Empire" to our vocabulary, it began to rain. Yes rain, small drops of water drifted down to settle on the snow and ground where it promptly froze to form a slippery glaze on our everything. Walking became a tricky business in the antarctic, high winds usually bring high temperatures though it is certainly rare to find it above freezing in late April.
April 19 Friday

A twenty knot wind blew most of the night. I had to crawl out onto the roof of the Aurora tower in order to ship off some ice that had built up as a result of yesterday's rain. It was a cold and frigid night which I hope won't need repeating. A neighbor flew in, and a bright half moon indicated ice crystals in the atmosphere.

A small snow blizzard followed which is still blowing and has delayed the start of a trip by Jet to John to the base station.

April 21 Saturday

The following message was received from Commander for Antarctica in reply to Carlo's message concerning scientific communication between the bases.

"Consider this talk between units on land based in violation of spirit of regulations governing use of amateur equipment on military bases and could result in loss of privileges & arrange conferences by official nets &

By official means not to interfere with Commander's activities."

Rather a sharp and final reply. The interesting thing in this message is the assumption that this is a military base. Last I heard this was an international geophysical year scientific station.

However, despite this I was able to contact the pole station and chat with Arlo. He said he has had good displays of aurora and enjoyed his plane trip to the pole. For some reason he has been nicknamed high pockets.

Had I got Carl up and over to speak to Paul regarding the base leader of the pole station. There conversation was most fascinating and I got a good picture of life at the pole. The scientists are kept busy together in a room which is evidently buried in snow. Their low temperature so far has been 79°F but only very slight winds & to 12 knots. They live mostly underground but do get
out when observations have to be made. In order to endure the winter night they have invented special holidays. Thus the disappearance of the sun, the beginning of astronomical twilight and the year's closest declination still have become occasions for special celebration.

Their water is obtained by digging snow in a tunnel which goes down at a 20° slope. This tunnel will be used by the geologists for their deep pit study. Paul mentioned that they all take turns working in this water mine.

Carl told Paul he hoped to do some traverse work, but did not come right out and say he was actively trying to reach the Pole. Carl's plans to organize this traverse are now well underway.

This evening the troops managed to get into radio contact with Little America using new long-wave, and Carl talked over the South Pole traverse project with Bert Cray, the Chief Scientist in the Antarctic.

Cray heartily approved the scheme and said he would send his personal endorsement along to Washington.

On Carl's proposal, I also got to say hello to Paul and discussed a few technical matters with him. Thus the South Pole trip seems to be well on its way to becoming a reality and although there is little chance that I will be able to go with it, the idea still stimulates the imagination and interest. Even though my adventures to date have more than justified my decision to come here, I still feel that I missed the opportunity of a lifetime in not getting assigned to the South Pole Station.

The following is a copy of Carl's proposal to the FAE to support a South Pole traverse:

Action Little America
Info: Conmanyup, Antarctica

For Cray, Conmanyup, Antarctica, pass to O'Shaughnessy for info. NR 39, Car;
areas to escape and good surface to
4,000 feet indicate good travel conditions.
Further south, B-19 tractor, effectively
pulled 40,000 pounds to escape station
50 miles inland recently, carrying oil
drums with fuel and empty for trail
marking.
It is proposed that operations be carried out from Wilkes starting late Nov., using D-4 and Mawell with another D-4 for partial support. We propose to travel from Wilkes to South Pole Station along 110°W meridian. Traverse as projected would provide geological, meteorological, glaciological, and geographical profiles over one of the greatest unexplored regions of Antarctica. Prime advantage the route's presence of fixed stations at each end and in middle of profile to provide for control of the scientific observations linking the stations. In addition to seismological and gravity studies it is contemplated that magnetic measurements be made concurrent with seismic photos at 50 or 75 mile intervals. Our equipment would also make possible determination of absolute values of pole station which would enhance value of the variation records.

Travel logistically feasible with present mobile equipment. Proposal would necessitate flying portable seismograph, 2.5 foot gravimeter, pulsar, and

magneto meter with earth conductors, with minor items personnel here capable carrying out traverse and part could be evacuated from pole. Replacements could be flown in with equipment. Also suggest this as possible solution for summer personnel and orientation of replacements if these cannot be brought in on early ship and evacuated late. Excellent landing site available on cape near station.

Bill recorded his first earthquake today. It was quite strong but distinctly located not in Antarctica.

Dick and John started for the Islip station but had to turn back due to poor visibility. They have had so many false starts that they are beginning to get touchy when someone remarks, "What are you still here?"

I overheard a conversation between the radio operator at Little America and a man in New Jersey. It seems that a case of 4000 dm receivers had been broken out at McMurdo Sound and station, although could not understand why this should be of importance or even why there should be a whole case load of 4000 dm receivers. I soon learned as
did the rest of the world listening in
that bottle of liquor had been
smuggled into our yard and it bore
labelled 4000 roubles.

It is interesting to note that
the major source of humorous
material for conversation at dinner
or parties usually is decoration
of illicit relations with the dogs;
I doubt the tone's serious. System
of anything is just as unusual
as interesting fact.

Carl told us a story about
saying come. When the northwinds
were in Wellington Carl took a single
room at the Grand Hotel. Charlie
Shirley the proper photographer asked
Carl if he could use his room one night
and since the room had an extra bed,
Carl agreed. When Carl awoke
the next morning he found Shirley
and a strange girl fast asleep all three,
naked in the other bed. Just then
the maid knocked on the door
and walked in with morning tea
for Carl. Seeing the two bodies
sprawled out on the extra bed
she backed toward the door and
said to Carl that she was very sorry
that she thought only one person was
occupying the room and she would

return immediately with
two more cups of tea.

Commander Shirley by the way
is the fellowwho fell overboard
on the Endeavour after during
a barbarous part on board the
New Zealand ship at McMurdo.

The following quotation is taken
from Scott's journal, 1911 May.

"It is the language of mystic
speech and portents—the inspiration
of the gods—wholly spiritual—
true signallings. I am mindful of
supercilious, provocative of
imagination. Might not the
inhabitants of some other world
(mores) controlling might,
forces thus surround us? Black
with fiery symbols, a golden
writing which we have not the
key to decipher?"

It is rather hard to believe
that Scott really believed all
this when he wrote it. I think
rather he was practicing the art
of poetic licence in preparation for
the book he expected to write.
April 23  Thrusday

Yesterday morning John and Dick started briskly for the camp undaunted. They were back before dinner dragging their tale behind them. They were subjected to a merciless ribbing all evening. Blowing snow with zero visibility held them from getting even a few miles toward their destination.

A mild blizzard blew up in the evening followed by flit snow today and brought more overcast and snow. John and Dick didn’t even bother to start out.

Tomorrow starts my week to clean our barracks building. Originally the civilians were to shake more chores with the navy men, but now it seems that only the low ranking navy men will be rotating in this duty job. There are probably several reasons for this. The radio operators and met personnel have set watches and cannot take time off for ‘walking duty’ and moving floors. Although I’m not sure Dick will be willing to put in the week at K.P. I don’t think that’s in command chief.

Charleston would be very happy. He is rather a stickler for rules and regulations and a lot of doing KP is just about unheard of. I would also be awkward for me to have my commanding officer as his assistant. Of course some of us site scientists also have set watches which make such a duty impossible. In my case I am asleep during 1/2 meals of each day and so could hardly help prepare them.

Scott kept his officers personnel free from any much routine labor so possibly saying that this increased the usefulness of this available brain power. Moreover, a great man as Scott was he was never noted for his great democratic spirit.

No word yet about potash journey.

April 24  Thrusday

Another blizzard blew all day long. E VK Milton the British chemicals expert went to refer to these as ‘fumigators’ an interesting term but rather than being fumigated we are slowly suffocating. As of today we

...
areas. Now there is only one.

To get out of the marshalled latrine barrack, tunnel it is necessary to walk through the marshalled onto the east door. This is the only undriven door left. Once outside it is necessary to climb over the officers' barrack to access its roof and down the other side. From here it is possible to reach the encircling building carages, bee hall, and radio shack by climbing up and down drifts. The cloths in these buildings are still relatively free of snow for lucky use.

Ach, John and later Sheldon and I were describing the normal role in the expedition. As that others besides myself feel it was a great error on the part of the 1971 to relinquish so much responsibility to the Navy. In particular they should have retained some control over the selection of working over personnel. The general complaint is that our many people have no scientific interest and regard this as just another assignment that a good way to fill in their enlistment time. They have no interest in Antarctica or travel, or exploration and certainly no scientific background. They therefore made

rather poor companions for the rest of the as possible topics of conversation. As is rather trivial as a result of this lack of understanding and rapport a small schisme slowly developing. It dinner the percentile kind of manage to sit at the same table and talk among themselves. Ratification occurs with the other occupants of the other barrack is virtually nil except for cribbage games and pool.

On their side the lack of involvement in the real purpose and program of the base and the feeling of being outsiders forced to do the lower shore of the dirty works has made some of the navy men irritable, and perhaps mildly irritable. Although it is a very sensitive to these developments but they others have also noted them.

There is not much can be done about this. On other expeditions notably Ronnie all personnel were intensely interested in exploration and their interest was the major reason for their original selection! On Arctic Expedition everyone was hand-picked, even
April 27, Thursday

Scott's cook, Chrisold, had considerable mechanical skill, worked on special projects in his spare time and was to have been one of the southern sledging parties supporting Scott on his way to the Pole had an accident on an ice berg while prowling for photographic contacts. Fot, him temporarily out of commission.

April 21, Thursday

A law spotted a Ross seal in the little cove near our depot of dead seals. Ted and Carl went out and killed it and we measured it and preserved its skull and investigated its contents of its stomach.

At the usual Saturday night party, Carl played to the maggot recording of whisperers. The many boys made a big thing of it and so much noise that they couldn't possibly have heard much of it.

April 28, Sunday

George Magee sang out over the switchboard that he had a New York City phone packet and was anyone interested. But there was no one interested. I got out of bed, dressed, and hurried over to the radio shack. Shortly afterward, I was talking with my parents who were still asleep. The telephone was so noisy they couldn't hear each other.
and Mr. Murdo could be diverted X 3 Personnel.

The planned for air borne part could supplement available Wilkes personnel.

C. Air assistance for pole
Air rescue essential to success program. Two planes would be minimum and would need to base Wilkes. Higher priority should be given to air assistance Ellsworth Station where transit equipment and personnel already will be organized. Would recommend Wilkes to Mr. Murdo. Vice E. Wilkes to pole in naval logistics. Recommend also second half of traverse planned for second summer operation. Cray.

Cave is quite sure about the message and he is perhaps justified. Far from supporting the proposal, he phoned Cray last night nearly made final approval but has been impossible by asserting the priority of the Weddell Sea Base, and by suggesting a route change. A try from here to Mr. Murdo should not only not have the glamour and interest of a try to the Pole, but

would also cover territory rather thoroughly explored by Scott, Shackleton, Mawson and assorted Frenchmen. In addition it would be very difficult to get motor vehicles through the Victoria mountain West of the dump.

April 229 Monday

Another blizzard is upon us and has been blowing all day.

Dick and John are still up on the plateau at the recaps station.

May 3 Friday

Since the above was written, we have had almost continuously clear weather and as a result I have been very busy with scientific work. This has been the best four days of weather we have had since arrival here but therescia of the day light hours mitigates their value.

I have sent a message to Oliver asking to go for on a second year, which I have not decided anything yet but it is best to get a foot in the door just in case.
May 6, 1957 Monday

Cindy and I have left early.

This morning, for the rail station

where they will relieve Dick and

John who should start back
tomorrow forhere.

The weather although now

calm is now overcast and fairly warm

after the 60°F temperatures prevailing

during the recent clear spell. Still the

blizzard, a week.

George got me another robe

patch this afternoon's article. The

quality was not the best but it was

considerably more above that is

what counts. The robe talks about a

second year down here are

impossible. My parents would never

get over it.

I am just as anxious to get

done and see them as they are to see me.

but I know that in a few days after

I return they will have had their fill of

me, my pictures, and my reminiscence and

the time will have come for me to

return to work probably out of town.

It is hard to see why for just a few days

I done it should be necessary to
minerals are hard and black in color that they by itself proved nothing. When heated with hydrochloric acid it gave off chlorine which indicated the presence of MnO₂ in the reaction.

\[ \text{MnO}_2 + 4\text{HCl} \rightarrow \text{MnCl}_4 + 2\text{H}_2\text{O} \]
\[ \text{MnCl}_4 \rightarrow \text{MnCl}_2 + \text{Cl}_2 \]

The reddish MnCl₂ is supposed to be more colored crystals but our crystals were almost yellow in color and we are not sure that our ones are MnCl₂. These are more likely to try, and we shall do them tomorrow.

May 8 Wednesday

I have found some more references to aches in Ponti, Nino, and that White South. The “White South” is the southermost point of Europe and Antarctic territories. Other adjectives used are revolting, noisy, ragged, ravenous, savage, exceedingly bleak, and of a quarrelsome disposition, with Thuringe grenadiers and the carraiosse, frigates, and malefactors. We also suspect them of eating their own young, and despoiling the

"Disgusting practice they had of committing murders. We state they are known which I describe for lack of more agreeable creations to write about.

I can't wait to quote these gems to Carlo at the dinner table for he takes all slurs to the heart. Good man very seriously and vigorously defends his good name and reputation.

Dick and John have returned from the Cape with many a tale of their adventures. We met with very hard snow forced them to stop and camp just 19 miles from the town. After a rather chilly night in the tent they were able to continue in fair weather all the rest of the way to the town with no delay.

There they found the last wharf. The drifts in and parts of the stave joists blown away. It was noon just right for returning to the town to connect the piece still remaining. Although we have had very calm weather they experienced winds of gale proportions most of the time there. Their low temperature was -26°F and with the constant..."
John was describing some of the very large and beautiful crevasses on the glaciers, to one of the seamen who, although never having seen a crevasse in his life, immediately remarked that he had that they were probably beautiful and that he didn't ever want to come within a hundred miles of one. Just another example of application for beauty as well as the almost complete absence of adventure in some of the novel passenger's parlors.

I had reported a few that fairly brought up the usual reply: "The principal privations of polar people are silence." - Sir Henry Bower's in the opening sentences of the book "The Worst Journey in the World," stating "Polar exploration is at once the clearest and most isolated away of having a bad time which has been devised."

The temperature dropped below zero for the first time since our arrival, and by -5°F. For comparison, some of the temperatures at the bases were cited for the month of April:

- Medellin: -34.6°F
- Pole: -89°F
- Antarctica: -56.4°F
- Adverse -4°F (Flamingo)
In wind velocity however, notice what station far surpasses any of the other stations in the violence of wind and blizzard. Ellsworth, Pole, and Little America all report short isolated gusts of wind one on 2 lines during April of 50 Knots. We have had blizzards raging for hours with average wind of that amount.

The following is the message received which clarified the question and resolved controversy with the Navy at Little America. 4:28:43 T May.

Pass to station scientific leader 167 circular number 17 subject: Will claim communication facilities for exchange 167 scientific matters on least possible interference base on radio personal and marine transmissions. Discussion with Chief of Naval Operations and FCC disclose no repeat no objection use of amateur facilities for this purpose. Commend your Antarctica 6 2 0 36 x being sent to Commanding Antarctica in verification. You have put best wishes the subject for successful scientific program. 0 dishaw.

---

May 9 1957

A rather mild blizzard has been blowing all day and night. Our April weather summary is outlined below.

**Temperature**  
- Average: 20.5°F  
- Maximum: 36°F  
- Minimum: -2°F

**Wind**  
- Average velocity: 13.5 Knots  
- Highest hourly: 62 Knots  
- Peak gust: 83 Knots

**Visibility**  
- Clear: 5.9%  
- Scattered: 11.8%  
- Broken: 21.3%  
- Obscured: 75.2%  
- Obscured: 7.5%

**Number of days with precipitation**  
- 23

Statistics from the other bases are listed for comparison.

- **Ellsworth Station (Alaska)**
  - Temp:  
    - High: −4°F = +24.7°F  
    - Low: −37°F = −34.6°F
  - Wind:  
    - Average speed: 12 Knots = 14 mph  
    - Peak gust: 90 Knots = 107 mph

---
Wilkes Station is quite obviously
in the banana belt of the Antarctic
compared to the other American bases.
Ours is the only base with a positive
average monthly temperature and 20°
positive at that. Even the maximum
temperature at the other bases does not
get above zero. (Not counting Adelie
Lan which has not yet reported but is
likely to have higher temperature.)

Although we have try for the
worst wind storms our average velocity
is appreciably lower than that of
the pole station where already
brisk breezes must blow constantly
across the desolate polar plateau.

I have been thinking for a few days
now about organizing a sledging
expedition to Antarctica and for mapping
purposes next summer. If Carl’s
polar trip comes off there is little
likelihood of my going with them and
so since I will have no fixed duties
or responsibilities it would be quite easy
for me to get away. Originally Carl
planned to make such a trip and
might even get to it. But if he should
not I shall try and get his permission
to make it myself.

Our weather is so mild during
May 11, 1957 Saturday

Carl has a little box filled with small paper cakes in which flowers seeds have been planted. A few days ago the first leaf raised its head above the white rim of the box and since then two more have sprung up. We may have flowers yet. At the South Pole Station they have quite an elaborate greenhouse and I hear they're getting good results.

Him, both the handsomest and youngest of the dogs, born at McMurdo Base was found dead yesterday. Now he died as an almost unknown even after an autopsy. One of the other dogs got loose and evidently chewed on his corpse a little as a deep hole was found in its leg but it had not bled. John skinned the dog and plan to preserve the skin as a momento. It seems the core-eyed Irishman has been showing signs of deterioration also. He was originally one hellish dog but was demoted due to lack of pop. Now apparently he has gotten weaker and has been moved into the garage in an attempt to revives his spirit.

This leaves the base rather short-handed but possibly one of the remaining glaciologists or many men would be interested. The major problem may be finding someone who is both free and willing to go. Most of the available people will be going with Carl if he gets his own dogs off the ground. At present he plans to take Bill Stewart, for glaciology, Dick Amsden, as glaciologist, Jack Berkley, as geologist and navigator, and Robert McIntyre as tractor driver and mechanic. This leaves the base rather short-handed but possibly one of the remaining glaciologists or many men would be interested.
spirits in a warmer atmosphere. John gave him a bath to help his coat which was all matted. He is just about the oldest dog in the team and Carl does not expect him to last the winter.

Eich did not set off this morning for the Vandford Glacier to check on their movement status. They reported via radio at 5 and said they were 25 miles out and were preparing to camp. Carl has quite convinced himself that snows don't come when they attack something disturbing their nests as reported by Lenting. He is sure that Lenting must ask what comes from the rear of the bird for what comes from the front. He is including that in his theories.

Fred Charleton and Jim Powell showed me none of their slides taken here and on the way down. None of them were of excellent quality and it was a good show. The first slide, ever subjected to an expedition in the Antarctic to the members of that expedition while still in the Antarctic were shown by Lenting to the lecturers on the occasion of their midwinter festivities in 1911.

Although it has only been a few short months since we left the scenic glories of Cape Hallett and Mt Erebus, so much has happened since that pictures seemed to help to another era in the dim ages of the past.

May 12, 1957

A full moon combined with cold weather to provide an evening spectacle of celestial wonders. Ice crystals floating in the still night has produced bright, moon masts horizontally displaced from the real orb and sitting on a stark white halo encircling the moon. This phenomena is known as a parhelic and has been seen by many of the early Antarctic explorers. Both Wilson and Marston have captured its delicate beauty in paint. During the course of the night we were treated to a great variety of lunar halos and rainbows some of which I hope I have captured in my camera.
100117

Pole Station pass to triple X
Welles Station pass to Chubb
Following received from Mukavin.

Glaciology panel during its
meeting May 2 discussed subject of
proposed Welles and Pole Station
Survey. Thoroughly and made
followings recommendations in view
of time, organization, personnel,
and financial requirements for
Deep Freeze "trips." Panel
appreciate enthusiasm but feels
that: planned or existing work
must come first. Panel would accept
Carly's decision to divert some existing
effort. Very thought desirable
New Traverse around consideration
Scientific equipment, Traverse personnel,
logistic support, for which no
find available. Panel suggest
keep open for consideration following
reasons. No decision can be made
here until at least first
season complete. Present plan
for airborne operations include

"Live through pole and live
west of the Murdo. Further
suggestions welcome. Crazy.

Since I think suggestion
of proposal was more or less
expected the disappointment is
not as great as it might have
been. It is a shame that Carl
who is not getting any younger
should have lost this chance to
become one of the immortal
antarctic explorers.

Of course this means that
there will be many more small
or short trips made through
this region which I may be
able to go on. My own plans for the
mapping trip are still being worked
out but it will be much easier
now that there are many willing
hands available to assist and not
so much equipment tied up.

May 13, 1957

Very disappointed. A total lunar
delayed搅d take place tonight
but the weather was so overcast
that not the faintest glow filtered
through to betray the even the
the fact that the moon was in the sky. She was especially galling because although our weather is generally cloudy the clouds are actually thin enough so that a body as bright as the moon can be seen right through them. Tonight only a diminution of the night sky lights indicated that anything out of the ordinary was occurring.

May 14

Carl, Sheldon and the dogs were out over our recently formed sea ice to Shirley Islet and back. The trip was made to rest the ice and give dogs and men some exercise. The ice was evidently quite firm and there were no more members of the Wilkes station swimming blub blub blub. Carl hoped eventually to get a weapon or two to the ice and go off up the coast in search for an Emperor Penguin rookery.

These peculiar birds nest in the dead of winter on land fast ice. They construct no nests but stand about in the open, holding their eggs in a flag of flesh just above their ankles and bravely rear them. When summer comes the adults and their young board the nearest sea ice and sail quickly out to sea. Their rookeries are always located off a coast where some open water can be relied upon all winter. This is necessary so that they may fetch for food. To find open water along theAntarctic mainland so in dead of winter is so easy that and as a result there aren't many Emperor rookeries off these islands or no more than a handful are known to science. The rookery at Cape Crozier and Point Geologie we perhaps the best known.

I had reason to suspect that there is a rookery on the coast somewhere to the north of us. The ships on their return trip saw large number of Emperors in the pack, probably making their way south for the winter season. Although not a single Emperor has been seen in the vicinity of Clark Peninsula it is quite evident that the area would be entirely suitable for a rookery. The sea ice surrounding the peninsula is quite solid without any open water nearby. Carl feels that further north at Cape Belcher or along the coast to Cape Prince of Wales condition may be better for the penguins and that
this is the probable location of their rookery. Some penguins had even worked together, breaking the rocky winds, and the ice may prove both dangerous and impossible.

Upon wade areas are usually kept open by high winds coupled with heavy swell not a healthy type of ice to be in. It may be possible to find the rookery by going along the ice cap to the north and looking down at the coast line until a rookery is spotted.

Tonight was very unusual for this region cold and sparkling clear with a one day past full moon. The night was so bright that few stars were visible and even the moon quite bright impossible to see. In thinking about Carls sea ice journey it occurred to me that perhaps would be a good opportunity for me to get some exercise and do some exploring.

Securing Carlo's permission and buttoning up warmly, I set out about eleven stepping gingerly onto the ice. It seemed soft beneath us with hard snow crust on it, just about a perfect surface for walking. As soon gained confidence.

The ice and its possibilities, and set off at a good pace out of our little cove and around the point to the south. The moonlight lit up illuminated every regularly and castings of the ice surface and I encountered no difficulty in areas where I was stepping. I followed along the coast of Clark Peninsulas to another snow cliff connecting Clark to Bailey Peninsulas. I was much impressed with the grandeur of the cliffs with their overhanging cornices and silver whiteness. The stillness was uncanny. The noise of my clothing against studding against itself seemed magnified a hundred fold.

The temperature stood at -6°F and the wind varied between 5 and 10 knot from the south. Walking south, therefore, I took the wind in my face and I would not take long for the front of my breath to freeze on my nose and back splash. Use ice collected in my cup and occasionally an ice black would freeze to the ice on the glasses making it hard to blink. My nose dripped pretty continually but my supply of handkerchief came in handy though.
after a short time they froze stiff and became useless.

One of the corners of a 3" ice face of Bailey Island looked like a mounted panther's head, but closer examination and a different angle made it appear more like a phallic symbol. It was near here where I first heard the deep rumble and slow cracking of the sea ice, sliding against the landfast ice. Due to the tide and sea swell it is impossible for the sea ice to remain rigidly attached to the land and where the two meet there is usually a crack which permits the sea ice to work up and down with relation to the land and landfast ice.

To watch these cracks working is fascinating, due to the motion so very gradual and gentle you feel nothing, yet you see the shore line slowly sink into the ice a few feet and then ponderously re-emerge a few seconds later. The illusion that it is the land not you moving is very powerful. The movement is generally accompanied with much crackling, groaning and squeaking. These cracks sometimes make it difficult to effect landings and at best are treacherous areas as the constant agitation keeps the ice from freezing solidly.

I continued along the North shore of Bailey Peninsula at one point cutting inland across a point of land. Walking on land so low, which made difficult than going on the sea ice. I saw some coarse rocks and smooth ice alike and you never can tell whether your foot will penetrate an inch or 1 foot. In comparing the dangers of sea ice travel with land travel, I would much prefer getting a good foot or leg than depending on an unstable or treacherous leg. Also sea ice never contains any crevasses, it has been the experience of those who have talked while walking that it is largely a minor irritation just that if you are properly dressed and keep an eye on your left shelter is reached this are seldom any ill effects.

The only real danger to sea ice travellers is that if ice they are on will become suddenly break up and float out to sea. Elementary caution and weather observations are usually sufficient to avoid this pitfall.

Back onto sea ice again I walked through the channel separating
Barley and Shirley Islands. I came
across the tracks made by Carl
earlier in the day and followed them
until they petered out. Another mile
or so and I rounded the westernmost
point of Shirley Peninsula.

The view of the southern coast of
Shirley Peninsula was a sight I shall
never forget. As far as the eye could
trace a brilliant steam ice barrier
no feet in height made the classic
a fortress against intruders from the
direction of the land. Almost no land
was visible and the wind blowing fine
snow crystals against the face of
the massive formation brought to me
fearsome the desolation and barren
dispatch of this world.

Another island not too far
away from this point to the southwest
cought my attention and I decided to
work to it, collect a specimen, and
then turn for home. I reached
the island at night which I later
found to be Barley Island. This is a
small island completely surrounded by
water during the summer. I thought it
might be
of value to get a rock now as later
on the island would likely be
inaccessible. It was pretty
cold but I crossed the
hills back to effect a landing and
examined several places before a choice
one. No difficulty was encountered
and once on the island I looked for
for a rock. Abruptly enough this proved
so difficult I had to give up and
return without my sample. The
difficulty was there seemed to be
only cliffs and smooth rock ledges
without chips or gravel on them.
In addition most of the area was
thickly covered with snow and ice.
Climbing about the steep slopes of
the island was tiring and soon in
exhaustion I gave it up as a bad job.

On my way back I rounded the
Western Tip of Shirley Island and out
across Venetia Bay in a direct line
to Clarks Peninsula. I walked
over the place where the ship had
been moored just three short months
ago. It was a short time that I noticed
several black objects laying on the
sand by the nearest seeming to be
about 50 yards away. Although
getting tired and sore by now, I felt
I could go fifty yards to see if
it might be a seal. After walking
some distance the object seemed just as far
away and I suddenly realized that they
were icebergs with their faces in shadow
many miles away out to sea. This is just
one example of the depth distortion produced by moonlight. The moonlight made some appear to be deep bayas.

... actually walked right over the entrance to our own cave. Thinking it was must too deep to be our cave at all, I noticed there were no outgoing footprints in the snow and blundered my steps and felt for a few minutes. When I decided up it happened that no one was nearby and I righted our antenna masts and was soon enjoying a cup of hot cocoa after 16 miles of healthy exercise.

May 15, 1957 Wednesday

It is a shame that I must go out alone if I am to go at all but it is better to do it alone than not to get any experience at all. (Note: there is a geese in the yard)

Carl Sheldon and John took a vessel onto the bay ice in our canoe intending to bring in a seal observed near Shirley inlet. To make a bad story short, the vessel fell through the ice and continued to float. Carl got out okay and... although John got a bath and became the second member of the South Baffin coast swimming club. He was able to help with the rescue operations; however, the vessel was hauled out by a rope tied to the rear of a D-4 tractor in the snow. The reaction of the many was what one would think these crazy scientists get into next.

The answer was not long in coming. The West Greenland party called in to say their vessel refused to start and that they had only a few days more food. A rescue party consisting of John and 2 on is going out tomorrow to rescue them after this permitting. Rocky at 2:15 also reports his vessel refuses to start and since they are not due to return for a few more days then the predicament is not serious. He usually practises anyway in for the returning party to drive back to the relieving parties vessel leaving an emergency boat at the base permanently.

Mother Sullivan of the N.Y. Times contacted us from New York tonight via radio. She had gotten word of the project and told the trip and wanted a story. It was soon all straightened. She had many questions to ask us and we took turns answering them all. She told us that she managed. She was 2 1/2 a rare ore of 60% MO, Tephritite.
The weather was still clear in the early evening, but in just about 15 minutes clouds blew in from the north and the air was filled with free ice crystals. About 10:00 a fully developed paracelene formed so intricate and strange that its rings and circles were easily visible in all regions of the sky. One ring passed through the moon itself and circled the sky at its maximum altitude. Another circle surrounded the moon and its interactions with the sky, circle formed mock images of the moon with small rainbow packets. Partially formed arcs were longest to the moon, circle at the top of the dot.

May 16, 1937 Thursday
Another comedy of errors day.
Carl started off alone with the dog team to bring in a seal from Shirley Daley. He had been gone three days before yesterday. It was off to a fine start over the sea ice but a car dropped off the sled and while Carl stopped to fix it up the dogs took off leaving Carl far behind.

They galloped off over the sea ice toward Shirley Daley and evidently...
coming across my tracks in the snow, followed them all the way to Beall Island. Poor Carl had to walk the entire distance and by the time he reached them, where they had killed the at Beall Island, they had had plenty of time to fight with each other and in the process, Nagelkut was killed.

In a way this is poetic justice as Nagelkut was the major trouble maker on the team, always snapping at the other dogs. The required constant watching. Finally given the chance, the others must have turned on him.

We now have the dogs remaining. Movie, Brew, Red, Red Rocker, and Spotty.

Tom and John set out to rescue Bill, Bob, and Jack at Nanutuk. They left early in the morning in a seal oil supplied with emergency gear. No emergency arose however, as they simply drove about all day, unable to locate the Nanutuk. They returned to the base about 3:00, having driven all day. The weather was excellent and there does not seem to be any reason why the search should have been so difficult, but they are going to try again tomorrow and they are both confident of success.

In the meantime, the party is still out 25 miles or so and they are no longer in radio contact with us. They must be wondering what happened to their rescuers. Perhaps they may even be able to hear us or see the vessel during the day. I should tell Bob and Jack and have further attempts thers plight might be serious. Of course with good weather they can walk the distance easily but the means of abandoning their equipment.

The four boys are having a field day debating the stupidity of these crazy scientists.

May 17, 1957

The rescue team of John and Tom made it to the Nanutuk this time. They had some narrow escape in the crevassed region of the Petersen Glacier but arrived at the Nanutuk safe and sound. They helped dig out the bed, installed a new battery, cleaned out the snow and finally got it started. They were in radio communication.
most of the time and we were able to follow their progress most of the night. They didn't get in until after mid in the morning (17th). Except for Bob who headed for the pack almost immediately. Jack, John, and Dick were quite talkative and readily told of their adventures. I was very much surprised to hear that they had had a lot of bad weather, high winds, and drift. Our weather at the base though cold has been very calm and clear. They managed things to get out replacements for all the stakes that had blown away, but were unable to survey them properly. Ironically enough the job was left incomplete because the rescue party arrived too soon.

They seem to have been reasonably comfortable there in the tent though they paid moister collected in their bags and clothing which then froze making sleeping uncomfortable in the later days. Cooking was done with a primus in the crevasse. One night a gasoline can used to hold down the skirt of the tent tipped over and the flames filled the tent making things unpleasant for awhile but otherwise there were no serious accidents. I still complaint of cold feet when sleeping and Jack seems to have gotten a little frostbite on his finger tips and one toe. The low temperature (down to -28°F) caused howl to form on the inner lining of the tent. It seems to be a common fault of double walled tent probably because of the lack of ventilation through which moisture inside the tent can escape.

May 17, 1957

It appears that the crevasse can not be repaired before the middle of next week, so it looks as though Blaw and Rudy will have to remain at site two for some time longer.

A 33 knot blizzard has been blowing tonight so it is indeed fortunate that all that parties have been able to return to base.

Carl's wife sent him the poem below by relay over the base radio:

Hail to the husband who loves his wife,
And stays at home instead of on ice.

That male to the wife who his many will squander.

If to the south pole he old man must wander.
Some time ago the glaciologists had collected some core ice for examination. Glacial ice formed under great pressure has much less trapped air in it and when heated to 70°C effervesces quite vigorously.

Dick, Bertley, Victor, Berkeley, and I formed ourselves into a fly team using the ice and when the back was turned Karl dropped a plastic


increased fly contamination which he had received in April from a present from his family into Dick's drink. When Dick noticed the apparently ice increased fly he thought he had a great scientific find, a perfectly preserved Antarctia House fly fossil.

Carl told this story to Walter Sullivan on the radio but substituted Dick Cameron's name for Dick Berkley. For no especial reason except that Dick Cameron was chief glaciologist and glacial ice was involved. Well Walter printed the story in the New York Times and Dick is now famous as the glaciologist who got stumbled onto the great find.

Thad says he doesn't mind about the general publicity. He only wants to be sure that if anyone from the Permafrost Research Establishment gets a hold of it he is going to need Carl's help in getting another job.

Carl will also referred to Carl as a frozen asset. He must have quite a sense of humor.

May 19, 1957

Tough day was "On the Waterfront." While at 9 a.m. at Nunatak Dick, Ted and Bob heard a loud noise like a train rumbling by or a heavy truck driving by. They felt or saw nothing. Dick believes it may have been the result of a local earthquake too small to be felt but forceful enough to produce noise. When Ted developed his records we shall find out definitely.

Bill also reports that he was caught in the amusing position of having to tinker with his fly ensign. He says it was necessary to show it off with matches in the ice core where a certain, periodically rising necessity made itself felt.
May 20, 1957

Wonders never cease in the Antarctic. A live crawling insect was discovered by Dick Berkley on the wall of his absolute laboratory. The building, just recently heated, houses nothing but geomagnetic instruments and is isolated from the rest of the base in order to avoid stray magnetic fields.

Dr. Trueman identified the insect as a common garden variety of beetle. I do not see how this species of insect can be indigenous to the antarctic, but anything is possible. The most likely theory is that it was brought in packed in some piece of Berkley's year or building materials. If so, what has the insect been doing all this time and why hasn't it frozen to death? Berkley building, only recently have been heated continuously. It may be possible that beetles can go into suspended animation when frozen and then later recover.

After the fly in ice business it is ironic that Berkley should discover this insect.

In regard to the fly incident and newspaper article Dick Cameron received the following message from G. Totten the grand old man of mountaineering and advice to the Kume Doodle expedition as well a godfather of our own expedition.

"Have read Sullivan's NYT story. Congratulations on discovery of frozen house fly in glacier ice and subsequent preservation in alcohol. Have often put ice in alcohol when engaged in scientific research, but have never achieved your remarkable results. Best wishes for your continued success. Totten."

Poor Carl felt terrible when he found this message on the board. He believed he had gotten Dick into trouble. As Dick was out collecting ice and snow samples Carl earnestly went about trying to find someone who knew Totten. Carl was soon relieved to learn that Totten's interest good will towards Wilkes station and Carl's burden of guilt was speedily lifted.
May 22, 1957 Thursday

John and Sheldon still have not been able to make a start for art two to relieve Cela and Rudy. Rudy must be positively boiling. Carl says he is afraid to speak with him over the radio. The trouble is getting a vessel into working order. We have seven vessels. No 1 is at out two and won't start. No 2 is used as the fire engine and so cannot go on trips. No 3 has a salt water ball cow and requires complete overhaul. No 4 needs new water young first. No 5 needs a new clutch. No 8 has not been worked on and needs a set of heavy duty treads installed. As well as the occasional work, it also needs rigging out. Nobody seems to be sure about number 7 at present.

The weather has been exceptionally clear and calm. The past week with some good auroral displays. Carl and Truck took a run over the sea ice with the dog to the northern islands. I went exploring. Two female Weddell seals were found and killed and with cut open. Seal embryos were discovered.

The embryos were quite advanced and looked like miniature Weddell seals with big eyes and brown skin. About 1 1/2 feet long.

Lieutenant, the aerographer, was telling me about a seal in the morning that he felt a blizzard was on its way. The sky was clear and it was very calm and warm to warm that I made my way over to the weather office to find out the temperature. It was very balmy and I could walk about outside without any coat without feeling cold. It seemed like a day in August under a bright crescent moon. The temperature was +23°F quite a bit warmer than it has been lately. It is unique to think of 23°F as warm and to feel perfectly at ease in such a temperature. In New York it would be considered a rather bitter night. In many ways the human body can accommodate itself to such conditions and a high temperature meant something had to happen, and no sooner did Billie finish talking to me to expect a blizzard than there it was upon us bringing a weeks collection of mort sticks.
Drift snow with it. The sky remained clear, though snow fell. We could of drift and 40 knot wind. John and Sheldon were finally able to start this morning so this blizzard may have serious consequences. I should imagine though that wind alone will not stop them unless the drift obscures the visibility.

May 25 Saturday

Word has been received today concerning our departure for home. A ship will call here about 26th and will transfer passengers to airplanes at the first port of call, but which port this will be we do not yet know. Neither is the name of the ship known.

May 27 Monday

Clay and Rudy are still marooned at site two. Despite the beautiful weather we have been having here, John and Sheldon got up on the ice plateau the high winds and blowing snow force them to return to base.

Today fortunately they did not even set out for Rudy said over the radio that they began much drift at site 2. By late afternoon a real howling blizzard 50 knot wind and high drift hit our base. Dad, John and Sheldon been trying to return then they would not have been able to. John was at site one with Carl Bailey and another native man and they were caught on the range. John had to walk in front of the tree to guide the flyers back to base. Carl says never again.

The blizzard increased in fury as evening advanced and during the night "Man from Oiuie", with George Rait, the chimney of our recreation hall blew off, or was knocked off. As a result the drifting was shut off and large volumes of smoke fumed out into the room, so we were caught between a blizzard outside and asphyxiation inside. The heater was quickly turned off. The projector had suffered a failure also but the show must go on so we watched the picture through a pall of black smoke while Paul Dooner turned the take-up.
The door was open, and I stepped into the room. The room was dark, and I could barely see the outline of the furniture. I walked towards the light switch, and as I reached for it, I suddenly felt a chill run down my spine. The light switch was not there. There was only an empty space where the switch should have been.

I turned around, and my eyes fell on the window. The curtains were drawn, but I could see the street below. It was raining heavily, and the raindrops were bouncing off the pavement. I felt a sense of unease wash over me. I had never been in this building before, and I was alone.

I tried to calm myself, reminding myself that I was safe. But the feeling of being watched, of someone or something watching me, was too strong. I felt a cold sweat break out on my forehead, and I knew I had to leave.

I turned around and started to walk towards the door. As I reached for the doorknob, I heard a noise behind me. It was a faint sound, almost like a whisper. I froze for a moment, trying to decide what to do. Should I turn around and face the noise, or should I keep going?

I decided to keep going. I turned the doorknob and pushed the door open. The rain poured in, and I stumbled as I tried to step out. I stumbled and fell, and as I lay there on the ground, I realized that I was not alone in the building.

I had been watched.
of wind came up and before I could even get the slot open, the door had vanished into the night.

There was nothing for it but to come down and go and search for it again. This time I was not so lucky, and had to return empty-handed to get a stronger search light and warmer clothes. Setting out again I found at the prodigious panel just a few feet from the north side of the tower, it apparently had hit the enlisted men's barrack and fell to earth.

The blizzard in the meanwhile was increasing in fury again and back up in the tower I discovered that the western window panel had now blown in. By this time I marked this site place securely the blizzard was so furious it was impossible for me to place the trap door without running the certain risk of losing it again.

A bullwhip-lash in the evening permitted me to finish the job successfully, however.

A few guards on blizzard may not be amiss here. Of the American bases in the Antarctic post, McMurdo station undeniably holds

“Gale Wind velocity is the record for the worst blizzard. The Russian base at Bungei, Casio about 200 miles south of Oates is 800 experiencing winds even stronger than ours and their other bases at Mercy, 12000 south and Neumayer likewise report high winds. The French, Japanese and Australians all on the same coast as ourselves likewise are experiencing winds at least as bad as ours.

The record for Antarctic winds, however, goes hands down to McMurdo base at Cape Denison. The wind there blew almost continuously the year around. On May 15, the wind blew at an AVERAGE velocity of ninety miles per hour throughout the whole 24 hours. Having failed to demolish us by dugout persistence, the hurricane tried new tactics on the evening of May 24, in the form of a terrific gale of Horizontal snow.

As we learned afterwards the maximum velocity of these wind-blows approached 200 miles per hour. The average velocity of the wind for each of the three autumn months was as follows: March 49 mph, April 51.5 mph.
and "May 60-7 mph. This is an all time Antarctic record which I can assure you Wilkes Station has no desire to better. By comparison our own average wind for the months surrounding the year of Cape Denison was approximately 50 mph. Although the whole thing has been kept under wraps, I gather that Dave Daniels was kept up for a possible court martial. It seems he had a fight with CPO Fred Charleton and hit him on the nose."

"The nose of a man is a small dressing on the bridge of his nose and two thick sticks. Fred is a very strict disciplinarian but is generally fair and even tempered. Though very determined and not easily dissuaded from a policy he believes correct, he has been generally grumpy and irritable and seldom good company. He seldom bothers to say hello or good morning and lately has been staying up very late Saturday and Sunday getting drunk on beer or the whiskey permitted on Saturday nights.

"On the request of his superior whether he has the usual court martial powers of an officer in charge. He received an affirmative answer. What happens now is up to him."

May 29 Wednesday

"Interesting quote from "Manoe. Vol. I" "man of the Blizzard" p 251. "We found that I was quite while spending some time in boiling the dogs' meat thoroughly. Thus a tasty soup was prepared as well as a supply of edible meat in which the musculature and the gristle were reduced to the consistency of a jelly. The gourds took longest of all to cook, but, treated to lengthy simmering, they became quite digestible."

"We had breakfast off Sigel's skull and brain. I can never forget the occasion. As there was nothing available to divide it, the skull was boiled whole. Then the right..."
and left halves were drawn for by
the old and well-established sledging
practice of "shot-lay," after which
we took it in turns eating to the
middle line, passing the skull from
one to the other. The brain was afterward
scooped out with a wooden spoon.

May 30 Thursday

The weather has been so unusual
that I think Willsie station
has scored another meteorological
first or record. The temperature as
I write this is 10°F and degrees
above freezing. The highest it has
reached a few hours ago was 19°F.
 Everywhere it is dry, dry, dry. There
is practically no wind with scattered
clouds.

Carl let Kao loose hoping
the he would tag along with him
on a walk. Carl Bailey and
Billee Tillment were out at the
penguin rookery enjoying our
summer air when they saw 2 seals
on the shore. They wanted to Carl and
Kao to come over and watch Carl
went to get his gun to kill one of the
seals which he proceeded to do.
Kao in the meantime spread the skin
and set off at once to carry it by
snapping at its tail and jumping
about barking. The seal thoroughly
disturbed and frightened headed for the
edge of the ice and open water. Carl
noting Shelders lived right into the
water after the seal, something never
before seen in Antarctic regions.

The pool dog couldn't make it
back out of the water, again, the
ice edge proved to high an obstacle
for him. However, Carl was able to
pull him out seemingly non the
worse for his cold dip.

Carl and Rudy have been at his
two 54 miles from base on the
ice plateau since May 6. I have
recorded several attempts to relieve
them but as of now they are still there.

Carl and Sheldon the have tried
several time only to be turned back
by heavy drift.

Yesterday, John and Sheld gave
it a try. Carl is having a little
headache trouble and it was decided
that Sheldon as doctor had better
stick to the base for awhile.

John and Sheld got off to an early
start but hit good drift and were
almost as soon as they reached the plateau proper.